



THE
MISSISKOU STANDARD
IS PUBLISHED

EVERY TUESDAY MORNING,
BY

J. D. GILMAN, Printer,

To whom all Communications must be addressed; and if by mail, post paid.

POETRY.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

BY J. E. L.

Sleep with honey-dews hath bound her,
Sleep unawak'd by day;
Through the forest growing round her
None may take their way,
For it is a path forbidden
By the words of power;
There the beauty must be hidden
Till the appointed hour,
Till the young deliverer cometh,
And the maiden life resumeth.

Purple fruit and golden chalice
Lie upon the floor;
For, in that enchanted palace,
All is as before.
There still is the censor burning,
With its perfumed flame;
Years on many years returning,
See it still the same;
It will burn till light re-living
In those closed eyes quench its giving.

There her ivory lute, too, slumbers
On the haunted ground,
Silent are its once sweet numbers,
Like all things around;
On her cheek the rose is breathing
With its softest red;
And the auburn hair is wreathing
Round the graceful head;
Change not that rosy shade,
Stirreth not that auburn braid.

Hath the wild west wind then only
Leave to come and weep?
Is the lovely one left lonely
To her charmed sleep?
No, when you full moon has risen
O'er the azure lake,
Cometh one to that sweet prison
For the sleeper's sake;
On that only moonlit hour
Hath the gentle fairy power.

Then she calls fair spirits nigh her,
Each one with a dream,
So with sweet thoughts to supply her,
And those shadows seem
Real as life, but 't is each vision
Hath a lovelier ray,
More ethereal and elysian
Than earth's common day.
Human thoughts and feelings keep
Life in that enchanted sleep.

Soon o'er that dark pine and laurel
Will a youth prevail;
Is there not a gentle moral
In that fairy tale?
Like that maiden's sleep unawak'd,
Slumbereth woman's heart,
Till Love comes, that slumber breaking
For life's loveliest part.
Ah, the heart which it must waken
Soon will mourn its rest forsaken.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A
PHYSICIAN.
(Concluded.)

'While yet he spake, there cometh one from the ruler of the synagogue's house, saying to him, Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master.

'But when Jesus heard it, he answered him, saying, Fear not; believe only, and she shall be made whole.

'And when he came into the house, he suffered no man to go in, save Peter, and James, and John, and the father and the mother of the maiden. And all wept and bewailed her; but he said, Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead.

'And he put them all out, and took her by the hand, and called, saying, Maid, arise. And her spirit came again, and she rose straightway.'

While he was reading the passage I have marked in italics, my heated fancy almost persuaded me that I saw the eyelids of Miss P. moving. I trembled from head to foot; but, alas, it was a delusion!

The Dean, much affected, was proceeding with the fifty-fifth verse, when such a tremendous and long-continued knocking was heard at the street door, as seemed likely to break it open. Every one started up from their knees, as if electrified—all moved but unhappy Agnes—and stood in silent agitation and astonishment. Still the knocking was continued, almost without intermission. My heart suddenly misgave me as to the cause.

'Go—go—see if'—stammered my wife, pale as ashes—endeavoring to prop up the drooping mother of our patient. Before any one had stirred from the spot on which he was standing, the door was burst open, and in rushed Mr. N., wild in his aspect, frantic in his gesture, and his dress covered with dust from head to foot. We stood gazing at him, as though his appearance had petrified us.

'Agnes—my Agnes!' he exclaimed, as if choked for want of breath.

'Agnes!—Come!' he gasped, while a laugh appeared on his face that had a gleam of madness in it.

'Mr. N.! what are you about? For mercy's sake, be calm! Let me lead you, for a moment, into another room, and all shall be explained!' said I, approaching and grasping him firmly by the arm.

'Agnes!' he continued in a tone that made us tremble. He moved towards the chair in which Miss P. lay. I endeavored to interpose, but he thrust me aside. The venerable Dean attempted to dissuade him, but met with no better a reception than myself.

'Agnes!' he reiterated, in a hoarse, sepulchral whisper, 'why won't you speak to me? what are they doing to you?' He stepped within a foot of the chair where she lay—calm and immovable as death! We stood by, watching his movements, in terrified apprehension and uncertainty. He dropped his hat which he had been grasping with convulsive force, and before any one could prevent him, or even suspect what he was about, he snatched Miss P. out of the chair, and compressed her in his arms with frantic force, while a delirious laugh burst from his lips. We rushed forward to extricate her from his grasp. His arms gradually relaxed—he muttered, 'Music! music! a dance!' and almost at the moment that we removed Miss P. from him, fell senseless into the arms of the organist. Mrs. P. had fainted; my wife seemed on the verge of hysterics; and the nurse was crying violently. Such a scene of trouble and terror I have seldom witnessed. I hurried with the poor unconscious girl up stairs, laid her upon the bed, shut and bolted the door after me, and hardly expected to find her alive; her pulse, however, was calm, as it had been throughout the seizure. The calm of the Dead Sea seemed upon her.

I feel, however, that I should not protract these painful scenes; and shall therefore hurry to their close. The first letter which I had dispatched to Oxford after Mr. N. happened to bear on the outside the words 'special haste!' which procured its being forwarded by express after Mr. N. The consternation with which he received and read it may be imagined. He set off for town that instant in a post-chaise and four; but finding their speed insufficient, he took to horseback for the last fifty miles, and rode at a rate which nearly destroyed both horse and rider. Hence his sudden appearance at my house, and the phrenzy of his behaviour. After Miss P. had been carried up stairs, it was thought imprudent for Mr. N. to continue at my house, as he exhibited every symptom of incipient brain fever, and might prove wild and unmanageable. He was therefore moved at once to a house within a few doors off, which was let out in furnished lodgings. Dr. D. accompanied him, and bled him immediately, very copiously. I have no doubt that Mr. N. owed his life to that timely measure. He was placed in bed, & put at once under the most vigorous antiphlogistic treatment.

The next evening beheld Dr. D., the Dean of —, and myself around the bedside of Agnes. All of us expressed the most gloomy apprehensions. The Dean had been offering up a devout and most affecting prayer.

'Well, my friend,' said he to me, 'she is in the hands of God! All that man can do has been done; let us resign ourselves to the will of Providence!'

'Aye, nothing but a miracle can save her, I fear,' replied Dr. D.

'How much longer do you think it probable, humanly speaking, that the system can continue in this state, so as to give hopes of ultimate recovery?' enquired the Dean.

'I cannot say,' I replied with a sigh. 'She must sink, and speedily. She has not received, since she was first seized, as much nourishment as would serve for an infant's meal.'

'I have an impression that she will die suddenly,' said Dr. D.; 'possibly within the next twelve hours; for I cannot understand how her energies can recover from, or bear longer, this fearful paralysis!'

'Alas, I fear so too!'

'I have heard some frightful instances of premature burial in cases like this,' said the Dean. 'I hope in Heaven that you will not think of committing her remains to the earth, before you are satisfied, beyond a doubt, that life is extinct.' I made no reply—my emotions nearly choked me... I could not bear to contemplate such an event.

'Do you know,' said Dr. D., with an apprehensive air, 'I have been thinking latterly of the awful possibility, that, notwithstanding the stagnation of her physical powers, her MIND may be sound, and

perfectly conscious of all that has transpired about her!'

'Why—why?'—stammered the Dean, turning pale—'what if she has—has heard all that has been said!'

'Aye!' replied Dr. D., unconsciously sinking his voice to a whisper, 'I know of a case—in fact a friend of mine has just published—in which a woman—'

There was a faint knocking at the door, and I stepped to it, for the purpose of enquiring what was wanted. While I was in the act of closing it again, I overheard Dr. D.'s voice exclaim, in an affrighted tone, 'Great God!' and on turning around I saw the Dean moving from the bed, his face white as ashes, and he fell from his chair, as if in a fit. How shall I describe what I saw, on approaching the bed?

The moment before, I had left Miss P. lying in her usual position, and with her eyes closed. They were now wide open, and staring upwards with an expression I have no language to describe. It reminded me of what I had seen when I first discovered her in the fit. Blood, too, was streaming from her nostrils and mouth—in short, a more frightful spectacle I never witnessed.

In a moment both Dr. D. and I lost all power of motion. Here, then, was the spell broken! The trance over—I implored Dr. D. to recollect himself, and conduct the Dean from the room, while I would attend to Miss P. The nurse was instantly at my side, shaking like an aspen-leaf. She quickly procured warm water, sponges, cloths, &c.; with which she at once wiped away and encouraged the bleeding. The first sound uttered by Miss P. was a long deep-drawn sigh, which seemed to relieve her bosom of an intolerable sense of oppression. Her eyes gradually closed again, and she moved her head away, at the same time raising her trembling right hand to her face. Again she sighed—again opened her eyes, and, to my delight, their expression was more natural than before. She looked languidly about her for a moment, as if examining the bed-curtains—and her eyes closed again. I sent for some weak brandy and water, and gave her a little in a tea spoon. She swallowed it with great difficulty. I ordered some warm water to be got ready for her feet, to equalize the circulation; and while it was preparing, sat by her, watching every motion of her features with the most eager anxiety. 'How are you, Agnes?' I whispered, kissing her. She turned languidly towards me, opened her eyes, and shook her head feebly, but gave me no answer.

'Do you feel pain anywhere?' I enquired. A faint smile stole about her mouth, but she did not utter a syllable. Sensible that her exhausted condition required repose, I determined not to tax her newly-recovered energies; so I ordered her a gentle composing draught, and left her in the care of the nurse, promising to return by and by, to see how my sweet patient went on. I found that the Dean had left. After swallowing a little wine and water, he recovered sufficiently from the shock he had received, to be able, with Dr. D.'s assistance, to step into his carriage, leaving his solemn benediction for Miss P.

As it was growing late, I sent my wife to bed, and ordered coffee in my study, whither I retired, and sat lost in conjecture and reverie till nearly one o'clock. I then repaired to my patient's room; but my entrance startled her from a sleep that had lasted almost since I had left. As soon as I sat down by her, she opened her eyes—and my heart leaped with joy to see their increasing calmness—their expression resembling what had oft delighted me, while she was in health. After eyeing me steadily for a few moments, she seemed suddenly to recognise me. 'Kiss me!' she whispered, in the faintest possible whisper, while a smile stole over her features. I did kiss her; and in doing so, my tears fell upon her cheek.

'Don't cry!' she whispered again, in a tone as feeble as before. She gently moved her hand into mine, and I clasped the trembling, lifelike fingers, with an emotion I cannot express. She noticed my agitation; and the tears came into her eyes, while her lip quivered as though she were going to speak. I implored her, however, not to utter a word, till she was better able to do it without exhaustion; and lest my presence should tempt her beyond her strength, I once more kissed her—bade her good night—her poor slender fingers once more compressed mine—and I left her to the care of the nurse, with a whispered caution to step to me instantly if any change took place in Agnes. I could not sleep! I felt a prodigious burden removed from my mind; and woke my wife, that she might share in my joy.

In almost every known instance of recovery from Cataplexy, the patients have declared that they heard every word that had been uttered beside them!

I received no summons during the night; and on entering her room about nine o'clock in the morning, I found that Miss P. had taken a little arrow-root in the course of the night, and slept calmly, with but few intervals. She had sighed frequently; and once or twice conversed for a short time with the nurse about heaven—as I understood. She was much stronger than I had expected to find her. I kissed her, and she asked me how I was—in a tone that surprised me by its strength and firmness.

'Is the storm over?' she enquired, looking towards the window.

'Oh yes—long, long ago!' I replied, seeing at once that she seemed to have no consciousness of the interval that had elapsed.

'And are you all well?...Mrs. —, (my wife), how is she?'

'You shall see her shortly.'

'Then no one was hurt?'

'Not a hair of our heads!'

'How frightened I must have been!'

'Pho, pho, Agnes! Nonsense! Forget it!'

'Then—the world is not—there has been no...is all the same as it was?—she murmured, eyeing me apprehensively.

'The world come to an end...do you mean?' She nodded, with a disturbed air—'Oh, no, no! It was merely a thunder-storm.'

'And is it quite over and gone?'

'Long ago! Do you feel hungry?' I enquired, hoping to direct her thoughts from a topic I saw agitated her.

'Did you ever see such lightning?' she asked, without regarding my question.

'Why—certainly it was very alarming!'

'Yes, it was! Do you know, Doctor,' she continued, with a mysterious air—'I saw—yes—there were terrible faces in the lightning!'

'Come, child, you rave!'

'...They seemed coming towards the world!'

Her voice trembled, the color of her face changed.

'Well—if you will talk such nonsense, Agnes, I must leave you. I will go and fetch my wife. Would you like to see her?'

'Tell N. to come to me to-day...I must see him. I have a message for him!' She said this with a sudden energy that surprised me, while her eye brightened as it settled on me. I kissed her and retired. The last words surprised and disturbed me. Were her intellects affected? How did she know—how did she conjecture that he was within reach? I took an opportunity of asking the nurse whether she had mentioned Mr. N.'s name to her, but not a syllable had been interchanged upon the subject.

Before setting out on my daily visits, I stepped into her room, to take my leave. I had kissed her, and was quitting the room when happening to look back, I saw her beckoning to me. I returned.

'I must see N. this evening!' said she, with a solemn emphasis that startled me, as if she wished no more to be said.

My first visit was to Mr. N., whom I found in a very weak state, but so much recovered from his illness, as to be sitting up, and partially dressed. He was perfectly calm and collected; and, in answer to his earnest enquiries, I gave him a full account of the nature of Miss P.'s illness. He received the intelligence of the favourable change that had occurred, with evident though silent ecstasy. After much inward doubt and hesitation, I thought I might venture to tell him of the parting—the twice repeated request she had made. The intelligence blanched his already pallid cheek to a whiter hue, and he trembled violently.

'Did you tell her I was in town? Did she recollect me?'

'No one has breathed your name to her!'

I replied.

'Well, Doctor—if, on the whole you think so—that it would be safe,' said N., after we had talked much on the matter—'

'I will step over and see her; but—it looks very...very strange!'

'Whatever whim may actuate her, I think it better, on the whole, to gratify her. Your refusal may be attended with infinitely worse effects than an interview. However, you shall hear from me again. I will see if she continues in the same mind; and if so, I will step over and tell you.' I took my leave.

A few moments before stepping down to dinner, I set beside Miss P., making my usual enquiries; and was gratified that her progress, though slow, seemed sure. I was going to kiss her, before leaving, when with similar emphasis to that she had previously displayed, she again said—'

'Remember! N. must be here to-night!'

I was confounded. What could be the meaning of this mysterious pertinacity?

I felt distracted with doubt, and dissatisfied with myself for what I had told to N. I felt answerable for whatever ill effects might ensue: and yet, what could I do?

It was evening...a mild, though lustrous, July evening. The skies were all blue and white, save where the retiring sun-light produced a mellow mixture of colours towards the west. Not a breath of air disturbed the serene complacency. My wife and I sat on each side of the bed where lay our lovely invalid, looking, despite of her recent illness, beautiful and in comparative health. Her hair was parted with negligent simplicity over her pale forehead. Her eyes were brilliant, and her cheeks occasionally flushed with colour. She spoke scarce a word to us, as we sat beside her. I gazed at her with doubt and apprehension. I was aware that health could not possibly produce the colour and vivacity of her complexion and eyes; and felt at a loss to what I should refer it.

'Agnes, love!—How beautiful is the setting sun!' exclaimed my wife, drawing aside the curtains.

'Raise me! Let me look at it!' replied Miss P. faintly. She gazed earnestly at the magnificent object for some minutes; and then abruptly said to me—'

'He will be here soon?'

'In a few moments I expect him. But—Agnes—Why do you wish to see him?'

She sighed and shook her head.

It had been arranged that Dr. D. should accompany Mr. N. to my house and conduct him up stairs, after strongly enjoining on him the necessity there was for controlling his feelings, and displaying as little emotion as possible. My heart leaped into my mouth—as the saying is—when I heard the expected knock at the door.

'N. is come at last!' said I, in a gentle tone, looking earnestly at her, to see if she was agitated. It was not the case. She sighed, but evinced no trepidation.

'Shall he be shown in at once?' I enquired.

'No...wait a few moments,' replied the extraordinary girl, and seemed lost in thought for about a minute. 'Now!' she exclaimed; and I sent down the nurse, herself pale and trembling with apprehension, to request the attendance of Dr. D. and Mr. N.

As they were heard slowly approaching the room, I looked anxiously at my patient, & kept my fingers at her pulse. There was not a symptom of flutter or agitation. At length the door was opened, & Dr. D. slowly entered, with N. upon his arm. As soon as his pale trembling figure was visible, a calm and heavenly smile beamed upon the countenance of Miss P. It was full of ineffable loveliness! She stretched out her right arm; he pressed it to his lips, without uttering a word.

My eyes were riveted on the features of Miss P. Either they deceived me, or I saw a strange alteration—as if a cloud were stealing over her face. I was right!—We all observed her colour fading rapidly. I rose from my chair; Dr. D. also came nearer, thinking she was on the verge of fainting. Her eye was fixed upon the flushed features of her lover, and gleamed with radiance. She gently elevated both her arms towards him, and he leaned over her.

'PREPARE!' she exclaimed, in a low thrilling tone;—her features became paler—her arms fell. She had spoken...she had breathed her last. She was dead!

Within twelve months poor N. followed her; and to the period of his death, no other word or thought seemed to occupy his mind but the momentous warning which issued from the expiring lips of Agnes P., PREPARE!

I have no mystery to solve, no denouement to make. I tell the facts as they occurred: & hope they may not be told in vain!

A TRAVELLER'S TRICK.—During a period of very active opposition between rival coach proprietors one coach stopped to breakfast; the repast was delayed, under various pretences till the coachman's horn announced the moment of departure; in vain the passengers remonstrated against this precipitancy; he must drive to time, and could not delay. When at length he had succeeded in getting his grumbling company together, one gentleman was found wanting; & on 'mine host' opening the door of the breakfast-room, he found him quietly seated at the deserted table. 'The coach will be off,' exclaimed the landlord. 'And so would I too, could I have got a spoon to eat my egg,' replied the guest. 'A spoon sir?' 'Yes, sir, a spoon.' 'Why, why, where are my spoons. Stop, stop coach; Jack, Pat, Joe, run every one of you; stop the horses—stop the coach till I get my spoons,' vociferated the landlord; while struck with consternation, each passenger looked to his neighbor for an explanation of the scene. In a few minutes

a crowd had collected around the carriage, to whom the robbery of the spoons was detailed, with the resolution of the host, that all the passengers should be searched with the assistance of his party. He was about commencing his operation, when out walked the dilatory passenger from the breakfast table, who immediately demanded what was the matter. 'Matter!' roared out the landlord: 'have not I been robbed of a dozen of silver spoons by some of your rascally company...and your blackguard coachman is preventing me searching?' 'Then drive on, Paddy...all's right!' exclaimed the wag, and turning to the exasperated host he said, 'look into the tea-pot for your spoons and for the future make more haste with your breakfast.'

From the London Times.

The total failure of Lord Gosford's mission to the Canadas, long anticipated both here and at the other side of the Atlantic has now been confessed with as little circumlocution as was consistent with public decency on the part of the noble Lord himself, who represents, how adequately is another question, the dignity of the British Crown. The noble Lord has come to the *ultima ratio* of timid and mediocre minds, between an Executive Government baffled and disappointed, and a body which has turned its legislative rights to no other purposes but those of desperate incorrigible faction. After a short and fruitless effort at pacification, he has prorogued the Assembly of Lower Canada, concluding the speech which form required of him on the occasion with these acknowledgments of an humbled & harassed spirit:—'In taking leave of you, I will only express the hope I am unwilling to forego, that however the political embarrassments of the country may appear to multiply around us, the inherent elements of prosperity & contentment which it contains may triumph over all adventitious causes of difficulty.'

Now, considering what has been the real origin of the difficulties here alluded to... what were the obvious motives of those who caused them...to what a perverse and malignant point the machinations of the Canadian malcontents have proceeded, and what must be the inevitable consequences of yielding to their demands, we cannot forbear from an expression of astonishment, mingled with no small portion of disdain, at the whining and lacrymose language that has in every instance been resorted to by the Whig Radical Lord Glenelg and his chosen functionaries of the Gosford mission, when the business was to carry on a discussion with factions of Lower Canada upon any of those points wherein the latter strove to encroach upon the paramount rights of England, or to insult and intimidate her councils.

Sir F. Head got nothing from the seditious clique of Upper Canada but impertinence, so long as he kept minuet-dancing and bowing to 'conciliate' them; whereas the moment he began to display the spirit of an Englishman, and to lay about him with those weapons which the laws of England and the national honour had placed in his hands, the people of the province took their tone from the King's Governor...they treated the enemies of England as their enemies, and returned for their representatives in the Legislature well affected and loyal men.

While it is still a question what may be the nature or tendency of a demand made by a colony upon the mother country, it is fair and reasonable to let the thing develop itself clearly, and thus bring the weight of public opinion to bear eventually upon the party in the wrong.

But in this case, from the outset, the end in view was palpable. A particular faction, alien to England, conspired with those at home who were not her friends, for what amounted on the face of it to a final overthrow of the supreme dominion of this country over Canada, by a usurpation into their own hands of the entire legislative authority. Nor was the project assumed in Canada very different from what it still bears among ourselves. Under pretence that the Legislative Council of Lower Canada did not represent the feelings of the country, by which the conspirators meant their own feelings; that the Legislative Council set itself up in opposition to the public voice, by which they meant their own clamour; and that it rejected measures which were called for by the public welfare, whereby they meant nothing but their own selfish interests...these rebels in heart cried loudly that the legislative council should no longer be appointed by the Crown, but should be nominated by popular election—that is, by a disaffected rabble which they had themselves inflamed, corrupted and scorned. It is not very difficult to guess, therefore, what would become of the executive power, and what a state of utter slavery and degradation it must soon be reduced to, with one house of representatives, & another of counselors passing bills of which the main and sole object would be to destroy every vestige of British sovereignty over one of the finest countries on earth, and to establish a perfect legal subjection of the English race by whose invincible bravery it was conquered, to a mixed and foreign one, unable through any nobler instrument than that of hypocritical and deceitful turbulence to recover its lost dominion.

The factious outcry against the house of Lords at home springs from the same selfish and desperate profligacy, made more odious through the comparative magnitude of the evil to be wrought by it, as is visible in the Canada machination. In both cases it is a presumptuous faction that

speaks, in the name and in contempt of the real principles of an intelligent people; in both cases it is a sound and salutary authority which they seek to overturn, and to supersede a system of just and useful government by one of wretched ignorance and base oppression.

Lord Gosford and his colleagues, who must have discerned the true character of the Canadian conspiracy from the first, might, it is certain, have unloosed it more promptly and skilfully, and have now denounced it with more vigorous and emphatic reprobation. The country, however, is awake, and will execute for itself the trusts, and secure the interests, which are so miserably compromised by the feebleness to which they have been committed.

From the Montreal Gazette.

We would direct the especial attention of those interested in the Townships to the notice proceeding from the Crown Lands Office. It would appear that the payment of the usual instalments are to be most rigorously exacted during each year, otherwise the settler must run the risk of having his lot sold for the benefit of the Crown's claim, according to the conditions of the license of occupation. No reasonable objection can be raised to the strict and complete fulfilment of the conditions of any bargain solemnly made, nor can the parties interested complain of the exercise of certain stipulations, into which they may have entered without proper consideration of their capacity to meet the obligation. But while the terms of a license of occupation are so rigorously enforced against this hardy and active settler, who labors by the sweat of his brow to improve the lot he has purchased at a Crown Land sale...whose exertions are freely given for the amelioration and improvement of a country he has adopted as his home—whose hard-earned means have been employed in obtaining the soil he cultivates, with the flattering hope in after years of extinguishing the balance of his purchase money—why, we say, should such an individual be treated rigorously, when the proprietors of large tracts of thousands of acres are allowed to enjoy their property, in defiance of the terms of their patents, which oblige them to perform settlement duties,—to the injury of the country, by retarding its general improvement...to the detriment of their neighbors who may have strictly fulfilled their obligations...and to the encouragement of a sordid feeling of accumulating property on any terms? Why should not the system of escheats be a strictly enforced against patentees, who can well afford to lose lands for which they paid little or no consideration, as against the humble individual, who may be summarily deprived of his improvements, under the condition of a license of occupation? Why should not an equal indulgence be extended to the Crown debtors in the Townships as was recently obtained by the Crown censitaires of Quebec? Why cannot delay be granted to the Township settlers, similar to that repeatedly given to those entitled to lands for their Militia services during the last war? We are no friends to an useless or uncalled for extension of credit, but there are circumstances over which the settlers can have no control, which may prevent them complying with their engagements, and some discretion ought certainly to be exercised in distinguishing between those who are willing or unwilling to pay their just debts.

In making allusion to the Court of Escheats, it is much to be regretted that this establishment is not more effectual in its operations. For many years it has been in existence, and apparently for no other object than to afford a salary to a Commissioner and a Clerk. An attempt was made to escheat some lands, but a primary objection was started to the Commissioner, whose authority was refused, on the ground that, as Auditor of Land Patents, he had a determined pecuniary interest, in pronouncing for an escheat, and that therefore his judgment would be suspected of bias. Whether the objection be valid in reality, we will not pretend to determine, but in principle it is correct; and if the court as at present constituted cannot proceed to the exercise of functions necessary for the interests of the Province, a change ought to take place without delay. The Province has too long complained of those vast unimproved tracts existing throughout the Townships, held by those who have availed themselves freely of the once unbounded indulgence of Government without complying with any one of the promises under which they have obtained them. We hope to see these tracts escheated to the Crown, or a tax imposed as in Upper Canada upon all wild land, upon which no settlement duties are performed.

Fredericton, Dec. 20.—His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor this day opened the Session of the legislature with the following

SPEECH.

Mr. President, and Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council;
Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly;

In obedience to the commands of his Majesty's Government, I have called you together at this unusual, and, I fear, to many of you, inconvenient season of the year, in order to lay before you, as I am directed to do, with as little delay as practicable, some important Despatches, in answer to the Address from the House of Assembly, respecting the surrender of the Casual and Territorial Revenue, copies of

which shall be communicated at an early period.

The arrangements proposed by his Majesty's Government, and which are particularly detailed in these Despatches, involve questions in which the welfare of the Province is materially concerned; and I therefore have to express my hope, that you will give the subject that calm consideration which its importance demands; and that the result of your deliberations may tend to the advancement and permanent benefit of this rising and happy portion of his Majesty's dominions.

Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly;

I shall direct the Treasurer's accounts, and such other papers as may be necessary for your information, to be prepared and laid before you, as soon as possible, but as the close of the year is so near at hand, it will perhaps be desirable that they should be made up, as usual, at that period.

The Reports from the Treasurer, up to this time, shew a satisfactory state of the Revenue.

Mr. President, and Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council;

Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly;

It affords me great satisfaction to observe, that the general prosperity of the Province, notwithstanding some temporary checks, which it is to be feared it may receive from the insufficiency of the crops during the last season, seems to be steadily advancing, and have little for me to recommend to your consideration; beyond the providing for the ordinary services of the province; some few particulars of minor importance will be communicated by Message during the Session.

Toronto, (Royal Standard) Dec. 24.

Mr. Mackenzie's petition to the House to dispense with the standing order, by which notice must be given within a certain number of days, of an intention to contest an election, as applicable to himself, in consequence of severe illness, would have occupied the attention of the House at least a month. Its members have wisely resolved to appoint a commission to investigate the validity of the votes, & Messrs Spragge, Small and Clark Gamble, have been appointed for this purpose. Will Mr. Mackenzie give the usual securities required for defraying the expense of the scrutiny? We think not.

The House has reflected great credit to itself for entertaining this petition at all, it was not the object, or expectation of the petitioner that it would have done so...he supposed that the feelings of disgust towards him which exist in the minds of every conservative man, and of some even of the radicals themselves would have induced them at once to put the extinguisher upon his petition by pleading the standing orders of the House; but its members had too much discretion, they all understood the game this man was playing and determined to beat him by a straight forward line of conduct which cannot be mistaken by any one whether Tory or Radical—for ourselves we sincerely hope he will find the required security and go into the scrutiny, because we well know what will be the result, but he will not do so if he could, which ever course he takes, will end in his total defeat; and he has been ill advised in making the effort; he was already down as low as his greatest political enemy wished him to be, but he will be now so much more prostrated as to be below contempt—he will even command our pity.

UNITED STATES.

Dreadful Shipwreck.—Loss of the Brig 'Gambia,' of New York.—The brig 'Gambia,' which sailed from this port for Lisbon, on the 16th ultimo, was capsized, on the night of the 19th, while lying too in a gale of wind in the gulf. The captain, first mate, and a passenger were in the cabin at the time and were drowned. The survivors, seven in number, clustered around the fore-castle, the only part out of water, and lashed themselves to the bitts.

Here for three days and nights they were exposed to the peltings of the storm, with nothing to eat but a few raw potatoes, and no water.

At this period two of the crew died, & the cabin boy died raving mad, and to satisfy the cravings of hunger, the boy was cut up for food!

On the night of the 22d the remainder of the crew, who had succeeded in reaching the main top, saw a vessel to leeward, which proved to be the ship New England, on board of which they were taken and landed in Boston.

The names of the survivors are, Joseph Couillard, second mate, Samuel Presson, Andrew Smith, and A. Smith.

Those drowned were, Capt. French, M. Jordan, mate, and John Dean, passenger. Jacobs, the cook, Andrew Paterson, Seaman, and a Portuguese boy, named Alexander, died from fatigue and hunger.

The Gambia was laden with rice and tobacco.—N. Y. Com. Advertiser.

The bark Mexico, Captain Gillet, according to others, Winslow, from Liverpool to New York, went ashore about half-past four on Tuesday morning the 3d instant, on Hempstead Beach, L. I., and soon after bilged and filled. She was 69 days out, and had on board one hundred and sixteen persons, (crew included) of whom ONE HUNDRED AND NINE have met a watery grave.

The following particulars are gleaned from the Daily Express and from the Advertiser.

'She arrived off the bar on Sunday morning, fired a signal of three guns for a pilot, and fired five guns in the afternoon—there were in sight at the time eight or ten vessels wanting pilots—she saw the ships Montreal & Geo. Washington, asked the former assistance, but they were unable to afford any—saw a steam boat come out and return, and made a signal of distress to her which was not answered. The vessel struck at five miles from the Pavilion, near the wreck of the Bristol—she was laden with iron and crates...she soon afterwards bilged and the sea broke over her...an attempt was made to escape in the boats of the vessel...but the hawser to which the long boat was attached parted and the boat drifted ashore. The small boat was capsized. When our informant left the beach, there had not been any person drowned, and up to ten o'clock in the evening it was not known that any had perished. Several attempts were made to go to the relief of the sufferers without success. At eight on Wednesday morning the ship had not gone to pieces. Both masts were cut away. No person was seen upon the wreck, and the presumption was that all was lost, but there was nothing known positively of their fate at that time. More than half the passengers were women and children...the passengers principally were from the north of Ireland.'

Those saved are, the Capt., Mr. Broome, a young man a relative of Mr. S. Broome, the owner, John Francis, and John Hanson, seaman, the former a Frenchman and the latter a Hungarian; Edward Felix, colored cook, John Woods, tailor, Exeter, England; Richard Hynes, or Owens, and Thomas Mullahan of Ireland; the three last passengers. All of them, except the Captain and young man, are in the hospital, badly frost bitten.—Mt. Herald.

Trial of the Whites.—From the testimony of two witnesses in the trial of the Whites for the burning of the Treasury Department, it appears they are desperate characters. These witnesses are associates in crime, and detail conversations and confessions of the prisoners, who said they were offered a large sum to destroy the Department, who feared the disclosure of great frauds—and that, being a good deal of a chemist, he could very easily, and in many ways, produce combustion. He further declared (alluding to the attempt) that he had a number of agents at his command, some of whom would be ready to commit murder, at his discretion, and for a very small compensation. I think he said fifteen dollars was the price of a man's life. It is sworn that he laid out his plan which was to go to Washington, to take a house and wife, and to live like a gentleman, as he alleged that many persons were in the practice of going to Washington, and setting up for gentlemen and being introduced into genteel society, without any questions being asked. The witness (Hicks) swears to another conversation after the burning had been perpetrated, in which White admits that he had accomplished the act, but had made nothing beyond his expenses by it; that he had entered by means of false keys, and set fire to the papers. Other witnesses, although they do not, so far as I heard, confirm that positive testimony as to the admission of the act, testify to circumstances which show that White is a very desperate character, and leagued with a very dangerous set of men, and that nothing but the lack of sufficient inducement of a pecuniary nature, would be a security against their committing the most audacious crimes.—N. Y. Evening Star.

For the Mississkoui Standard.

THE FIRE SIDE. No. 6.

The government of the fire side little society is, generally speaking, in the hands of two persons, the husband and the wife. These are supposed to be united together in mutual love, affection and esteem. They come together at first with the profession that they are, solemnly made, each one to the other, before God, and a 'congregation of their neighbors. The husband promises on his part 'to love, comfort, honor and keep her in sickness and in health,' and to forsake all others. The wife then promises to 'obey him, and serve him, love, honor and keep him in sickness and in health'; and, as he engaged to renounce all others for her sake, so she binds herself to reciprocate the obligation, that they may be all in all to each other.

This endearing relationship, before it can arrive at the unity of design and purpose which is here solemnly, and mutually stipulated, certainly supposes an agreement in principles, inclinations, tastes and pursuits. Without this agreement, as the result of sufficient acquaintance with each other, prior to their union, the 'love' and 'honor' mutually promised and stipulated, cannot be expected to be of long duration. 'Love' that has respect only to personal appearance, figure, complexion, a pleasant voice, agreeable manners in company, without knowing that they are equally agreeable at the fireside; or to dress, color of the hair, rosy hue of the cheek, or to the expectation of property, without sufficient regard to moral principles and qualities, the temper and disposition of the heart, education, character and connexions, will soon be in danger of losing its ardor, and then for want of something more precious and lasting than mere beauty and superficial qualities, any other result may be expected than a settling down into the quiet, placid contentment of mutual affection and esteem. The feelings of young love, in a well matched couple, will soon ripen into a pleasing esteem and tender regard for each other; but if the qualities be absent, whatever they may be, and others of an opposite na-

ture unexpectedly found to occupy their place, in either the one or the other, which beget and cherish the ingredients essential to the formation of a perfect union, the parties will, most assuredly, manifest the discrepancy in their character, by drawing different ways. They soon make it appear that that they are 'unequally yoked.'

When the case is so, there will, instead of maintaining one uniform government at the fire side, be two—each striving to be uppermost. From the beginning of such a division, the peace of the family may be considered as almost hopeless. 'The beginning of strife,' says Solomon, 'is as when one letteth out water: therefore leave off contention, before it be meddled with.' Prov. 17, 14. If the spirit of 'strife' be not repressed at the beginning, jars, divisions, contentions and bitter recriminations will take the place which mutual love, and mutual affection ought to occupy. Two modes of governing the fire side will be set up by those who had professed to be no longer 'twain,' but 'one flesh,' and each head is strenuous to maintain its own authority, and eager to encroach on that of the other. What pleases one is sure to displease the other. Where the unhappy spirit of 'strife' has obtained a lodgement, you would think that contradiction was the only sort of conversation that gave satisfaction. Now a very small share of common sense, if they hardly had the faculty of reflection, should convince them that 'every city or house divided against itself shall not stand'; and their own experience should convince them, if they have so much of the gift of memory as will recall the griefs of yesterday, that recriminations, hasty expressions, & spiteful contradictions, never can, because they know they never have, give ease to the bleeding heart.

The inference from these positions is no less obvious than it is rational and just, that husband and wife are bound by the ties of a relationship, the most tender and endearing, by the considerations of interests which embrace the present and the future, through all eternity, to be as much as possible of *one mind*, in all their pursuits, to promote the comfort and happiness of each other, their mutual respectability and prosperity, as the heads of a family. This is their wisdom. They are united together, 'for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer.' They cannot separate, without a flagrant breach of the law of God. For this however, some would not have much regard; but it happens that they cannot separate and retain what they would fain retain, except under peculiar circumstances, a respectable standing in society. 'What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.'

In the marriage connexion, all that seems to be necessary to make it the happiest state which this sinful, transitory life can afford is a mutual desire and a real willingness to practise what each of them had promised and vowed, when they took each other by the hand, at the altar of the Most High. The husband must not only love; he must honor—he must also keep his wife—that is, he must provide for her comfort and happiness, to the best of his power, not only when the sun of prosperity shines, but also when the storms of adversity frown upon them. His own voluntary engagement before God and man requires that he should thus treat his wife. The terms of his engagement prescribe, not only the obligation, but also the manner, and temper, of the performance, which is not to be done from a cold, unfeeling heart as to an object for which he has no affection—not as matter of necessity, or of legal obligation, which he would gladly shun if he could, but willingly, cheerfully and affectionately, as to one whom he loves, and whom he truly delights to please, to succor and to honor.

The wife, on the other hand, is also guarded and bound from taking an undue advantage of what her husband is bound to do for her, by obligations of a reciprocal nature, solemnly laid upon herself. She is not, therefore, to sit down in her easy chair, and act on the conclusion, as if fairly drawn from unquestionable premises, that, if she do nothing, her husband is bound to provide for her. She has promised to 'serve him' not indeed as a slave serving a master or a tyrant, but as her husband, her best friend, and her lover. She has engaged to 'cherish' and 'to keep him in sickness and in health.' In our country which is agricultural, in fact, a country of laborers, without and within doors, all must work and be industrious. If, then, the husband must work in the field, or in the shop, the wife as far as she is able, must work in the house. If he must prepare, or procure, and bring home the flour, and the meat, and the tea, and the sugar—if he must procure and bring home the various articles that are wanted from the merchant and the mechanic, she must do her part at home to arrange and prepare them for use. She must, in most cases herself, bake the flour into palatable bread—cook the meat and the sauce and make of them a dish inviting to the taste. In most cases without much assistance, unless she has a machine and a dog, she must make her butter and her cheese; and when these rich productions of the gentle cow are under the white, beautiful hands of the cheerful helpmeet of the industrious husbandman, O, with what heartfelt pleasure she views the labors of her hands, and prepares the clean, sweet butter, richer and sweeter than the ambrosia of the gods, for her neatly laid table! She has also to keep her house in order, neat and clean, without much help, until, if God has blessed her with girls of her own, they are so grown as to take upon them a part of the daily task. And when her husband, a part of the daily task, comes home from the equally laborious without, comes home from the field, wet, cold and fatigued, she receives him, not with scowling looks, but with a cheerful, encouraging, soothing voice of kindness, dear and welcome to his heart. The cold, dripping garments are soon doffed, to be replaced by such as are clean and dry, from the affectionate hands of his kindly officious friend. They now sit down,

Crusader's Song.
Away to the battle I speed,
Where the banners of chivalry wave;
The future's dark page who can read?
I may fall in the strife of the brave.
And thou, stately flower of Allmayne,
Wilt weep should thy Knight be laid low;
This sad thought redoubles my pain,
As I imagine the depth of thy woe.

But the love-beaming light of thine eye—
The tear on thy lily-bright cheek—
Bid my bosom with rapture beat high,
For thy truth and thy love they bespeak;
And thy smile, though all mournful it be,
As flower sprung from funeral clay,
Is the star-light of hope unto me,
As I hie to the battle away.

Thy form shall swim o'er me in light,
To save me and shield me from harm;
Thy presence shall double the might
That sleeps in thy warrior's arm.
My war-cry shall be thy proud name,
When my good sword the battle shall join;
And assured is the meed of my fame,
Since the love of thy bosom is mine.

And victory's wreath round thy brow
I will twine, thou proud theme of my song;
While the fruits of my twofold vow
To thee, stately maid, shall belong.
Then dry thy sad tear, oh! my love,
For the shrine of the Saviour set free,
I will borrow the wings of the dove
And hasten, all joyous, to thee.

SIMPLE AMBITION.

About twenty three years ago, the vane of Strasburg Cathedral was struck by lightning, so that it hung on the side, threatening by its fall to endanger the lives of the people below. The alarm was so great, that the authorities, after a special consultation, posted bills about the streets, offering any reward that should be required to any one that would venture to ascend and take off the vane. While the good citizens were reading this announcement, a peasant from the department of the Landes passed by, and being unable to read, he inquired the purport of the advertisement. When informed, he immediately offered his services for that purpose, and was conducted to the Mayor and the Bishop, who happened to be both in the Hotel de Ville, at the time. They questioned him, and fully acquainted him with the difficulties of the enterprise—such as the real height, and that the upper part of the spire could only be ascended by ladders on the outside. However, nothing daunted, he persisted in his resolution to perform the feat on the morrow.

All Strasburg was assembling in the open places of the city on the next day; and although admiring his courage as they saw him ascend, they most prudently refrained from cheering him as he deserved. Few who were then shading their eyes from the sun, in order to gaze on the spire, but must have envied him the scene of surpassing loveliness that was spread below him, although it is probable that neither the green landscape fading into blue distance, the relics of ancient castles, nor the beautiful Rhine glittering in the sunshine, detained his regard. He who at home, in his own barren & level sands, had been used to no greater elevation than his stilts, was now mounting like an eagle towards Heaven, and admired by thousands. When he reached the summit, he deliberately seated himself on the highest stone, with one leg on each side of the vane; and while his clothes visibly fluttered in the strong breeze at such an eminence, he with a hammer and chisel displaced the cross that had caused so much alarm. It flew spinning to the earth, borne away by the wind, fell into a neighboring field, where it sank twenty inches into the soil. The air was rent with acclamations towards him, (for he it remarked, he was the only one who had ever proposed to effect its removal.) On his descent, he was carried in triumph to the Hotel de Ville. Being thanked by the authorities, then and there assembled, & assured of their intense anxiety for his life ever since he had quitted the earth, he was asked what was the recompense he demanded? He modestly replied, 'that if they were pleased with what he had performed, he hoped that they would not think him presumptuous, but he would much like to walk through an arsenal, and see all its wonderful stores and docks; and they could not prevail upon him to ask more.

A week afterwards he left Strasburg with twenty-five Napoleons in his pocket; & declared that he had never before spent his time so agreeably as he did in that city; for he had seen the imperial arsenal, the fortifications, and many other fine, as well as useful sights, and had been continually feasted gratis by the rich and great folks.

THE INDIAN.—The Spartan brevity of speech for which our American Indians are so remarkable when among strangers, gives place to great loquacity among themselves. There is often no less ingenuity than beauty in many of their ideas, of which the following may be taken as a sample: One of the settlers on our western frontier, had used a good deal of argument with an Indian chief, with a view to dissuade him from some hostile expedition on which he was about to set out. The Indian listened with fixed attention, and when his adviser had ceased, replied, 'What you have been saying is undoubtedly extremely just, but my feelings and sentiments are not to be thus trifled away. Your arguments,' he continued, 'are like good medicine, which yet often fails of its effects—the patient takes it but the pulse continues high in his temples.'

Distressing Occurrence.—On Friday last a most melancholy accident happened on the River Saint Lawrence about three miles above this Town, by which four

individuals met with a watery grave.—The circumstances, as they have been detailed to us, are briefly these:—Six persons, all residents in this village and its vicinity, left French Creek in the State of New York, on Thursday last in a small boat, with the intention of proceeding to their several homes to spend the Holidays: they arrived at Oak Point, a small settlement on the American shore five miles above Brockville, on that evening, where, being exhausted by the cold, and standing in need of refreshment, they determined to pass the night. Two of the party, however considering it more safe as well as comfortable, formed the resolution of returning by land, while the other four embarked in the boat on the following morning, and had arrived within three miles of their places of destination, when they were upset by a sudden squall, and every one on board perished,—one of the lumber was seen clinging to the boat for some time, his cries were distinctly heard, and he was seen to make every signal in his power for assistance,—this unfortunately could not be afforded in season, some minutes elapsed before a boat could be procured, & then a considerable delay took place in getting through the floating ice which lined the shores, and extended to the distance of nearly a quarter of a mile into the river, although every exertion was used, still owing to the heavy surf that ran and the intensity of the cold, the last man sunk to rise no more, before any effectual aid could be rendered. The deceased were all respectable mechanics, and generally esteemed throughout the circles in which they moved. Three of them have left wives & children who depended upon their industry for support.—*Prescot Herald, Dec. 23.*

GENERAL POST OFFICE BURNED.

Washington, Dec. 15th, 1836. This morning at four o'clock, a fire broke out in the city post office, and from the nature of the entire building, including the general post office and the patent office, the whole was reduced to ashes in three hours. I have just returned from the scene, which was truly a painful one, both from the value of the property destroyed, and from the utter absence of every thing like a fire department, for the extinguishment of the flames.

The building was very large, perhaps two hundred feet in front and fifty or sixty deep, and occupied the corner of two very wide streets, in one of the most elevated positions of the city.

The centre buildings and one wing were occupied by the general post office department, while the city post office and patent office were in the other wing, the latter in the second story. The fire commenced in the city post office, and had made fearful progress before I reached the spot. The northern and southern mails which came in last night, it is said, are entirely destroyed; indeed scarcely any thing was saved in the city post office, and the whole contents of the patent office, including the collection of models, with all the valuable papers of that department, were consumed.

The general post office department has been more fortunate and it is due to Mr. Kendall to say, that he was so promptly on the spot, and with his clerks so vigilant and active, that he has rescued a very large proportion of the valuable books and papers, though very many even of these were destroyed, so rapid was the conflagration.

INTERESTING SURGICAL CASE.—A young man from Mississippi, 21 years of age, blind from his birth, came to this city a few weeks since, to submit to a surgical operation.—Two weeks after it was performed, he presented himself to the medical class in the amphitheatre, where he was enabled to distinguish the features of those who had recently attended him. Nothing satisfactory could be extracted from him on the subject of the difference between those ideas received, formerly through the sense of touch, and those recently received through that of vision. He did not complain of objects being too near the seat of vision, & knew, or could indicate no difference between his ideas of form now, and before 'his eyes received their sight.' We are not astonished at this, since each sense calls forth its appropriate language; and until the sense of vision is educated, there must be a want of corresponding words by which to make known to others, the nice shades and peculiarities of mental impression resulting from its incipient use.

He was particularly pleased with the exercise of vision in the streets, looking at houses, and trees, and flowers, and men and women, but expressed himself as delighted in gazing at the beautiful girls for the first time in his life, having, as he said had the pleasure of 'feeling them only before.'—*Lexington Intell.*

GOOD ADVICE TO A FARMER.—'Many years ago,' said a Quaker who told us the following anecdote, 'a brother to the celebrated Benjamin West, who had been a cooper in this city, a man of sterling sense and integrity, purchased a farm some miles out of the city which had been suffered to be overrun with bushes and briars. He was for a short time considered by his neighbor farmers as very far from being as wise as Solomon, or even themselves, but in a few years his was the best farm within 50 miles around him, and his fame as a farmer spread far and wide. One day a man came to him who was desirous of improving his farm, and asked him how he should do it? 'go home,' said Mr.

West, 'and make five or ten acres as rich as thee wants it, and come to me and I will tell thee what to do next!' 'but,' said the farmer, 'I have not manure enough to do that.' 'Very well, then go and prepare three acres, two acres, or one acre in the same way, but what thee undertakes, do well.' The farmer, said our Friend, perfectly comprehended the advice, & what is very unusual, practiced upon and benefited by it, leaving at his death, one of the best farms in the country. Go and do thou likewise.

ANECDOTE.—Barbers are proverbial for their wit and intelligence. In one of our largest cities, lives one who not only cuts and shaves, but is one of the most cutting shavers with his words that is known in those parts. One morning, while his fashionable shop was filled with customers, awaiting their turn, a tall, slim fellow with mustachios, and his hat cocked up on one side of his head, opened the door, and, with a half swaggering and half quizzical air, said—

'Sir, is this a lathering shop?'
'Yes, sir,' said the wielder of razors... walk in.'

'How long shall I wait, barber?'
'It's your turn now, sir...sit down.'

'My beard is rather stout.'

'I'll give you a good lathering, sir—there'll be no mistake'—and, suiting the action to the word, he covered the gentleman's face with as much soap as would 'stay put.'

'There, sir, you're well lathered, I should say—you'll please to get up.'

'But, I wish to be shaved.'

'Perhaps you can get that done up town—I keep a lathering shop only...& so you will please to be off as quick as possible in pursuit of a shaving shop.' And, to the no small amusement of many lookers on, the dandy was compelled to go forth as a walking sign to the 'lathering shop.'

I once heard it related that a man in the habit of going to his neighbor's corn, one day took with him his boy, of eight years of age. The father told him to stand still while he looked if any body was near to see them. After standing on the fence, peeping through all the corn rows, he returned to take the bag from the child, and began his guilty work. 'Father,' said the boy, 'you forgot to look somewhere else.' The man dropped the bag in a fright, and said... 'which way, child?' supposing he had seen some one. 'You forgot to look up to the sky to see if God was noticing you.' The father felt this reproach so strong, that he left the corn and returned home, and never again ventured to steal, remembering the truth the child had taught him.

'Keep your tongue from speaking evil.'—A merchant of Petersburg, Virginia, has been mulcted in the sum of five thousand dollars, for slanderous words spoken by his wife, of and concerning another lady, the daughter of the plaintiff. The trial occupied the court eight days. Forty witnesses were examined, and five eminent lawyers were employed as counsel. The costs & counsel fees will no doubt amount to at least two thousand dollars more, making seven thousand dollars to be paid by Mr. M. for his lady's too much latitude of speech....*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

TERMS.

Ten shillings currency per year, payable at the end of six months. If paid in advance 1s. 3d. will be deducted. If delayed to the close of the year 1s. 3d. will be added for every six months delay. Grain and most kinds of produce taken in payment.

To mail subscribers the postage will be charged in addition.
No paper discontinued, except at the discretion of the publishers, until arrears are paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, two shillings for the first insertion, and 6d. for every subsequent insertion. Above six lines and not exceeding ten, two shillings and nine pence; every subsequent insertion seven pence half penny.

Above ten lines, 3d per line for the first insertion, and one penny for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount to those who advertise by the year.

Advertisements not otherwise ordered will be inserted till forbid in writing and charged accordingly.

STANDARD AGENTS,

Daniel Campbell, Pigeon-hill.
Elihu Crosssett, St. Armand.
Dr. H. N. May, Philipsburg.
Galloway Freligh, Bedford.
Capt. Jacob Ruiter, Nelsonville, Dunham.
Albert Barney, P. M., Churchville.
Jacob Cook, P. M., Broome.
P. H. Knowlton, Broome.
Samuel Wood, M. P. P., Farnham.
Whipple Wells, Farnham.
Henry Boright, Sutton.
William Davis, Stanbridge Ridge.
Maj. Isaac Wilsey, Henrysburg.
Henry Wilson, La Cole.
Levi A. Coit, Potton.
Capt. John Powell, Richford, Vermont.
Nathan Hale, Troy.
Albert Chapman, Caldwell's Manor.
Horace Wells, Henryville.
Allen Wheeler, Noyan.
Capt. Daniel Salls, parish of St. George.
E. M. Toof, Burlington, Vt.
Thos Bartlett, jun., East part of Sutton.
Persons, wishing to become Subscribers to the *Mississkoui Standard*, will please leave their names with any of the above Agents, to whom also, at the office in Frelighsburg, all payments must be made.



Cash for Wool!

NOTICE

I Shereby given that two shillings currency per pound will be paid at the Factory of the British American Land Company at Sherbrooke, for clean native Wool, average quality, the produce of the Eastern Townships.
Sherbrooke, May 10, 1836. V-7tf

Tenders

WILL be received at the Office of the British American Land Company, for the supply of
3000 Cedar Posts, &
3000 do. Rails.
To be delivered at Sherbrooke, on or before the 10th May next.
Sherbrooke, Dec. 20, 1836.

Tenders

WILL be received by the British American Land Company, for the construction of 8 frame Buildings, 24 by 36 feet, according to a plan and specification, to be seen at their Office at Sherbrooke.
Sherbrooke, Dec. 20, 1836. V2 39—tf

NEW GOODS,

JUST RECEIVED!!!

Munson & Co.,

In returning thanks for the good share of Public patronage with which they have been favoured, inform their old friends and customers that they have received and are now opening at their store in Philipsburg, a very nice, well selected, and extensive assortment of

Fall & Winter GOODS!

all of which they will sell as cheap as they can be bought at any Store in the Townships, none excepted.

They add further, that they will purchase good

Pine Logs,

that will make Plank or Boards, for the southern Market, to be delivered at any responsible Saw-Mill within 10 miles of Mississkoui Bay; and will make advances on the same to any responsible person. The Logs to be delivered any time in the course of next Winter.
Philipsburg, Nov. 3, 1836.

FRANKLIN STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY

SMITH, HARRINGTON & EATON, respectfully inform the printers of the Upper & Lower Provinces, and the public generally, that having established a

STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY,

AT

BURLINGTON, Vt.

they hold themselves ready to execute any work which a kind public may feel disposed to favor them with. They hazard nothing in saying that, they can do work cheaper, and in as good style as can be done at any Foundry, in the United States.

Leads furnished at the Franklin Foundry, on the most reasonable terms.

A great variety of

CUTS

on hand and for sale at the F. S. F.

BLANKS of all kinds Stereotyped at short notice. Old Type taken in pay for work, at 9 cents per pound.

College Street, Burlington Vt. }
January 12 1836.

Card.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Philipsburg and its vicinity that he still continues the

Tailoring

business in its various branches at his old stand

Day Street.

Having made arrangements to receive the latest Northern and Southern FASHIONS, and from the superior quality and low price of Cloths, and first rate workmanship, the public will find at his stand inducements seldom to be met with; and, in returning his thanks for past favors, he hopes by unremitting attention, to secure a continuance of them.

Cutting done in the most approved style, at the shortest notice, for which nothing but Cash will be received.

DANIEL FORD.
Philipsburg, June 21, 1836. V2.11—1y.

For Sale,

AN Excellent FARM, situated upon the main road, in the flourishing Township of Farnham, adjoining the residence of Samuel Wood, Esquire, M. P. P. The farm is advantageously situated, and contains 200 acres of land—one half under good improvement, upon which there is a dwelling house, and two new barns have been recently erected with a small shed attached to one of them. Title indisputable—terms liberal. For further particulars enquire of Dr. Chamberlin, of the village of Frelighsburg, or the undersigned proprietor.

SARAH WINCHESTER.
Dunham, 3d Sept., 1836. V. 222, 12w

REV. H. N. DOWNS'

Vegetable Balsamic

ELIXIR;

FOR

Coughs, Colds, Consumptions, Croup, Catarrh, Asthma, Whooping Cough, and all diseases of the Chest and Lungs.

PRICE 75 CENTS.

Sold wholesale by the Proprietor, at Georgia Vt. and by J. CURTIS, Druggist, St. Albans, Vt. wholesale Agent, and Joint Proprietor, where all orders at wholesale or retail, will meet with immediate attention.

A few bottles of this invaluable medicine may be had of Munson & Co. Mississkoui Bay, Beardsly and Goodnow, Henryville, Samuel Maynard, Dunham, and Levi Kemp, St. Armand.

INFORMATION wanted of William Lane, William Lane, Jun., Honor Lane, Mary Lane, or Anne Lane, who emigrated from Tragonay, in the parish of Cuba, Cornwall, to this country, about three years ago, in the barque Janus, from Falmouth to Quebec. The subscriber will feel much obliged to any individual who will be kind enough to send information to the Herald Office, Montreal, respecting any or all of the above individuals.

RICHARD PARSONS.

Editors of Newspapers in the Upper Provinces and Townships, are requested to insert this.
Montreal, 1836.

26,000 SUBSCRIBERS!

PHILADFLPHIA MIRROR

THE splendid patronage awarded to the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, induces the editors to commence the publication, under the above title, of a quarto edition of their popular journal, so long known to be the largest Family Newspaper in the United States, with a list of near TWENTY SIX THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.—The new feature recently introduced of furnishing their readers with new books with the best of literature of the day, having proved so eminently successful, the plan will be continued. Six volumes of the celebrated writings of Captain Marryatt, and sixty-five of Mr. Brooks valuable letters from Europe, have already been published without interfering with its news and miscellaneous reading. The Courier is the largest and cheapest family newspaper ever issued in this country, containing articles in Literature Science and Arts; Internal improvement; Agriculture; in short ever variety of topics usually introduced into a public journal. Giving full accounts of sales, markets, and news of the latest dates.

It is published at the low price of 2 dollars. For this small sum subscribers get valuable and entertaining matter, each week enough to fill a common book of 200 pages, and equal to 52 volumes a year, and which is estimated to be read weekly, by at least two hundred thousand people, scattered in all parts of the country, from Maine to Florida, and from the sea board to the Lakes. The paper has been so long established as to render it too well known to require an extended prospectus, the publishers, will do no more than refer to the two leading daily political papers of opposite politics. The Pennsylvania says:—'The Saturday Courier is the largest, and one of the best family newspapers in the Union.' To other, the enquirer and Daily Courier, says, 'It is the largest journal published in Philadelphia, and one of the very best in the United States.' The New York Star says we know of nothing more liberal on the part of the Editors, and no means more efficacious to draw out the dormant talents of our country, than their unexampled liberality in offering literary prizes.

The Albany Mercury of March 30th, 1836 says, 'the Saturday Courier, is decidedly the best Family Newspaper ever published in this or any other country, and its value is duly appreciated by the public, if we may judge from its vast circulation, which exceeds 25,000 per week! Its contents are agreeably varied, and each number contains more really valuable 'reading matter' than is published in a week in any daily paper in the Union.—Its mammoth dimensions enable its enterprising proprietors, Messrs. Woodward & Clarke of Philadelphia, to re publish in its columns, in the course of the year, several of the most interesting new works that issue from the British press, which cannot fail to give to its permanent interest, and render it worthy of preservation. To meet the wishes, therefore of such of their subscribers as desire to have their numbers, they have determined on issuing an edition of the Courier in the Quarto form, which will render it much more convenient for reading when it is bound in a volume, and thus greatly enhance its value.'

TEE QUARTO EDITION.

Under the title of the Philadelphia Mirror, will commence with the publication of the Price Table to which was awarded the prize of one hundred dollars, written by Miss Leslie, editor of the splendid Annual the Token, and author of Penial Sketches and other valuable contributions to American Literature. A large number of songs, poems, tales, &c. offered in competition for the 500 dollars premium, will add value and interest to the succeeding numbers, which will also be enriched by a story from Miss Sedgewick, author of Hope Leslie, The Linwoods, &c., whose talents have been so justly and extensively appreciated, both at home and abroad.

This approved FAMILY NEWSPAPER is entirely neutral in religious and political matters, and the uncompromising opponent of quackery of every kind.

MAPS.

In addition to all of which the publishers intend furnishing their patrons with a series of engraved Maps, embracing the twenty-five States of the Union, &c exhibiting the situation, rivers, towns, mountains, lakes, the sea board, internal improvements, as displayed in canals, rail roads &c., with other interesting and useful features, roads distances, &c. forming a complete Atlas for general use and information, handsomely executed, and each distinct map on a large quarto sheet at an expense which nothing but the splendid patronage which for six years past has been so generously extended to them, could warrant.

TERMS.

The Philadelphia Saturday Courier is still continued in its large form at the same price as heretofore. The Philadelphia Mirror being a quarto edition of the Saturday Courier, with its increased attractions, and printed on the best fine white paper of the same size as the New York Albion, will be put at precisely one half the price of that valuable journal, viz: Three dollars per annum, payable in advance, (including the postage.)

WOODWARD & CLARKE.
Philadelphia.